

ALL NEW



NO. 39 | 00748
AUG 75/CDC

The FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera
Production



00748

RAY
DIEGO

The
FLINTSTONES
and PEBBLES

DINER AT THE
GRUESOME'S

THANKS EVER SO MUCH
FOR INVITING US TO
YOUR COOK-OUT, WILMA!

I ALWAYS SAY "WHAT
ARE NEIGHBORS FOR?"
WHAT DO YOU ALWAYS
SAY, NEIGHBOR?

I SAY GET SCHNEIDER,
THE SPIDER AWAY FROM
ME BEFORE I HIT HIM
-WITH A BAT!

0-6895

RAY
DIRG

FRED, YOU ARE FUNNY!
WE WANT TO HAVE YOU
AND WILMA FOR DINNER
TOMORROW NIGHT! WHAT
DO YOU SAY?

WHY NOT HAVE
PORK CHOPS
INSTEAD?

WE'D LOVE TO
COME CREEPELLA!

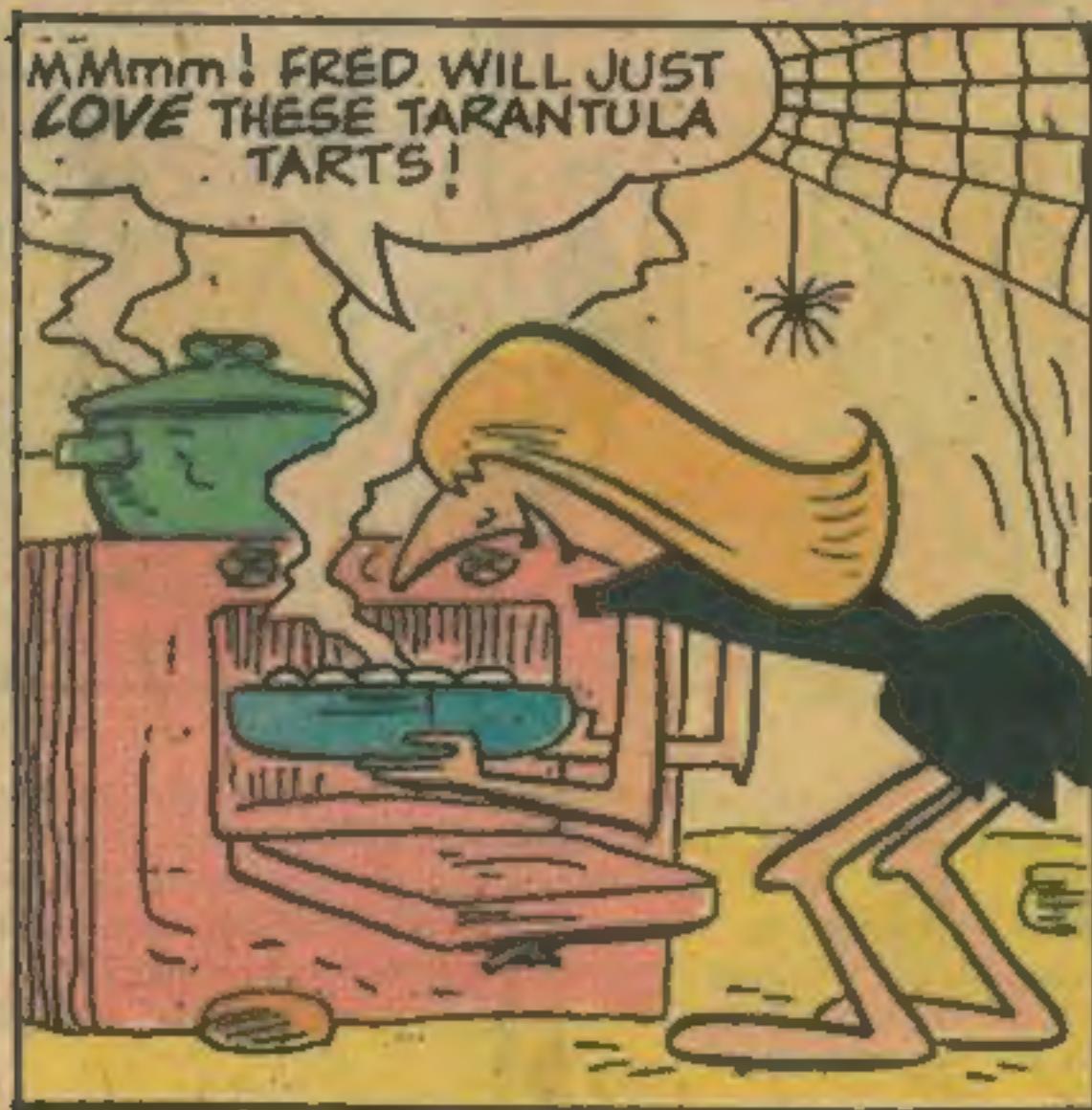
Y-YEAH, WEIRDLY.
WE'LL BE THERE.
YUUUCCCCHH!!

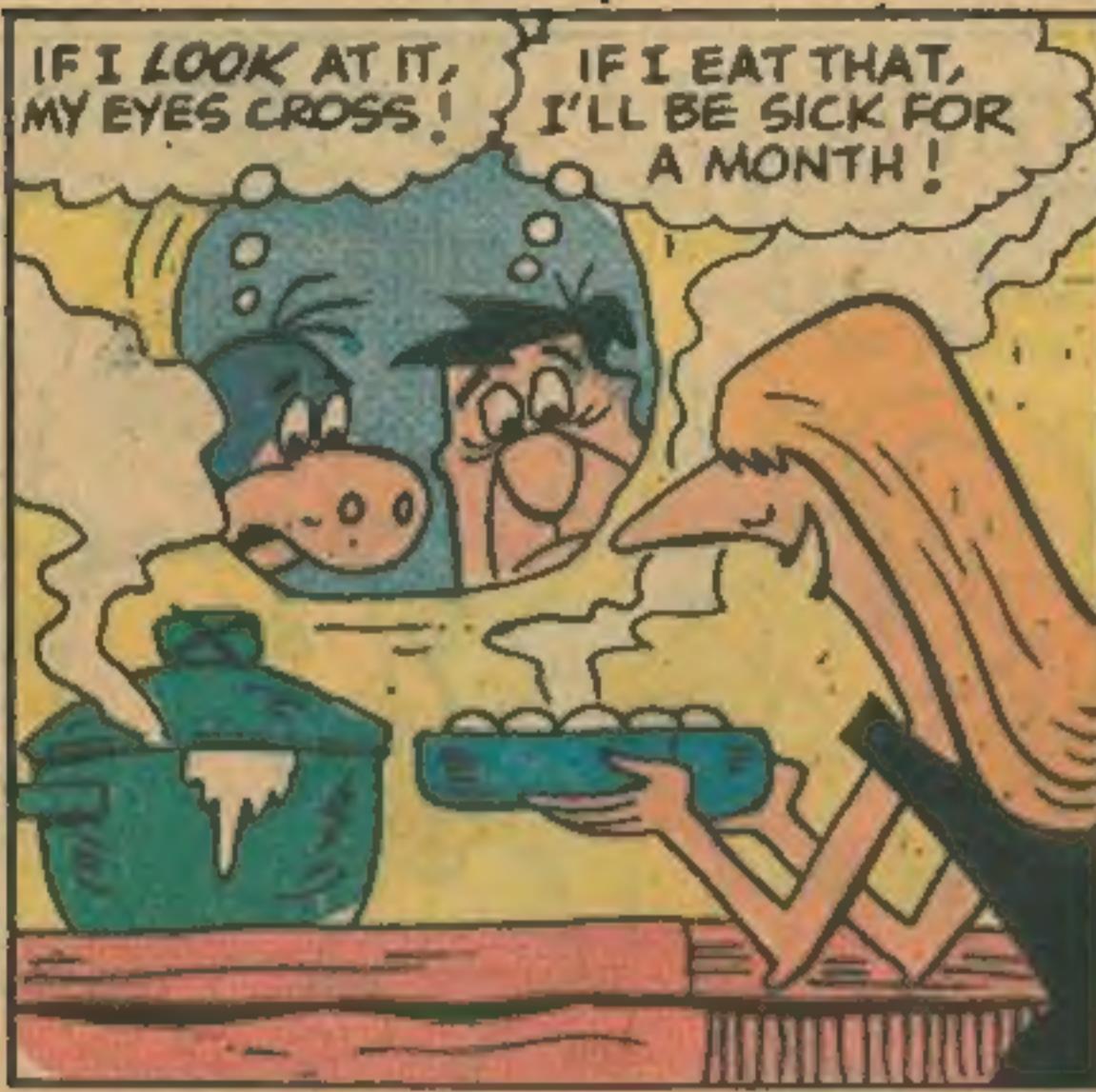
WE'LL HAVE
ALL OUR
FAVORITE
DISHES!

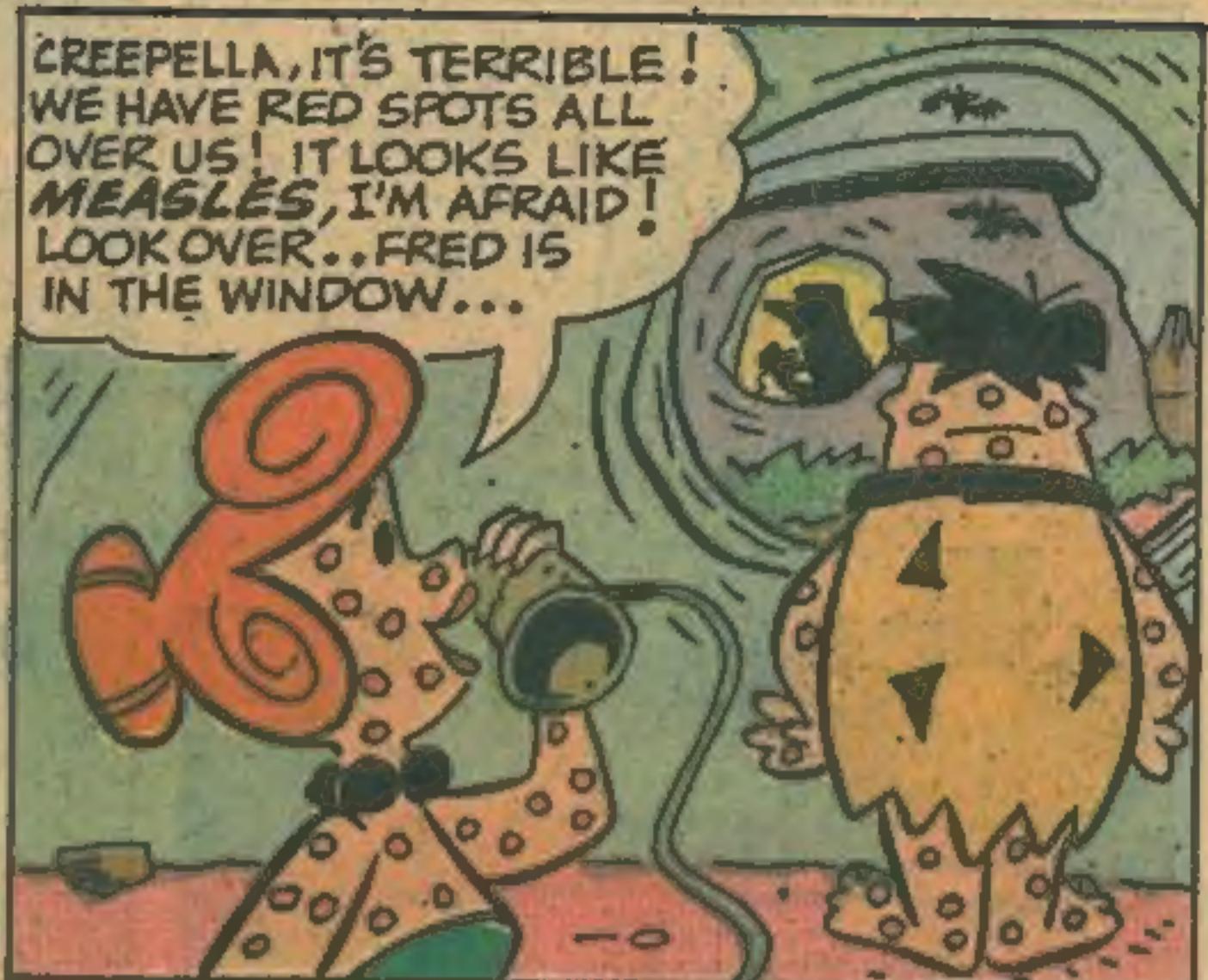
FLINTSTONES

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The
FLINTSTONES
and PEBBLES

all new
• Hanna-Barbera
Productions

THE HERO COMES HOME

HOHOHOHO
HAHAHAHAHA
HOHOHOHO!!

YA MEAN THE ARMY CALLED
YA BACK TA ACTIVE DUTY?
BOY, THE BEDROCK ARMY
IS DESPERATE WHEN THEY
SEND FOR YOU!

IT AIN'T
FUNNY, FRED!

BOO
HOO

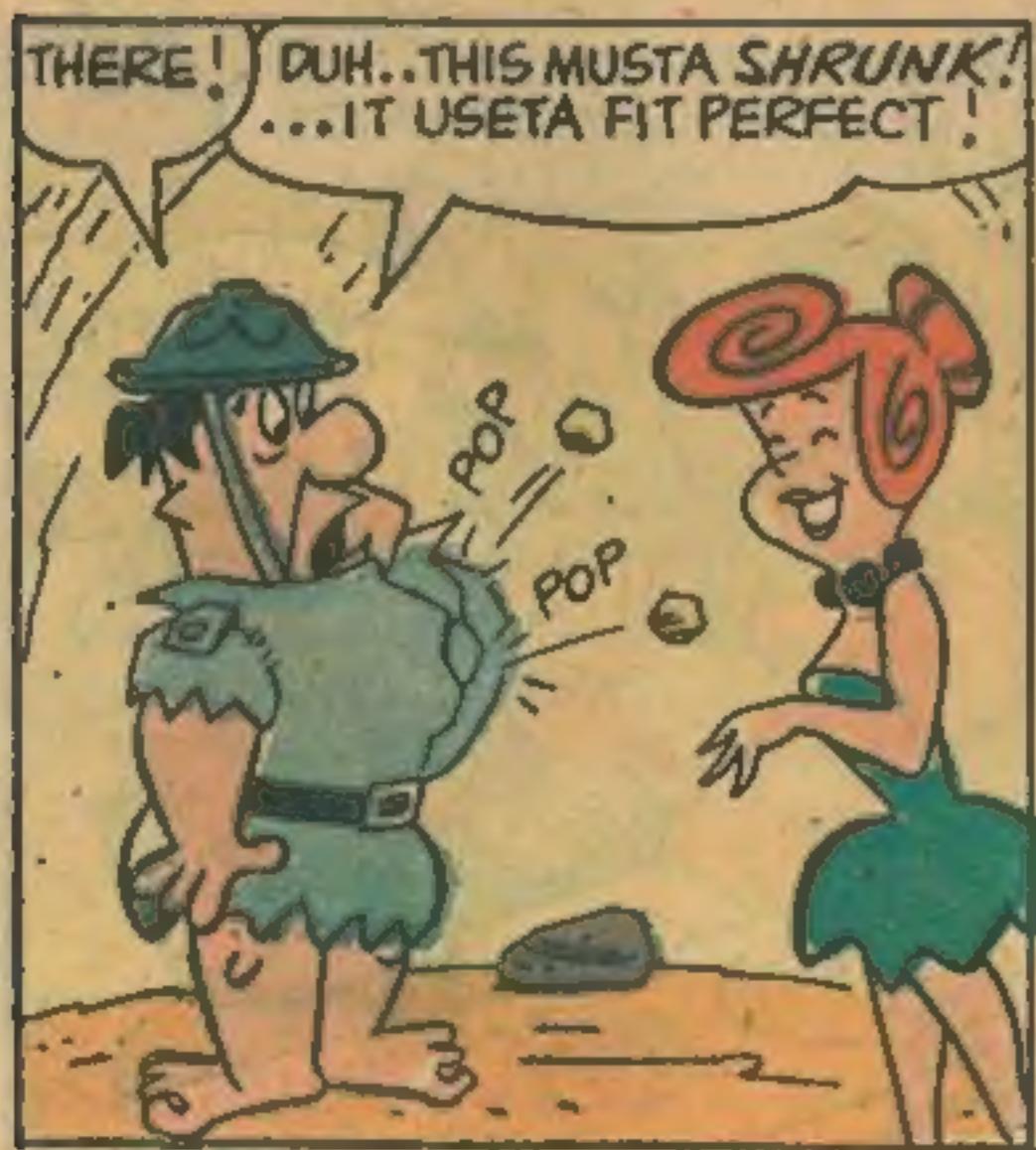
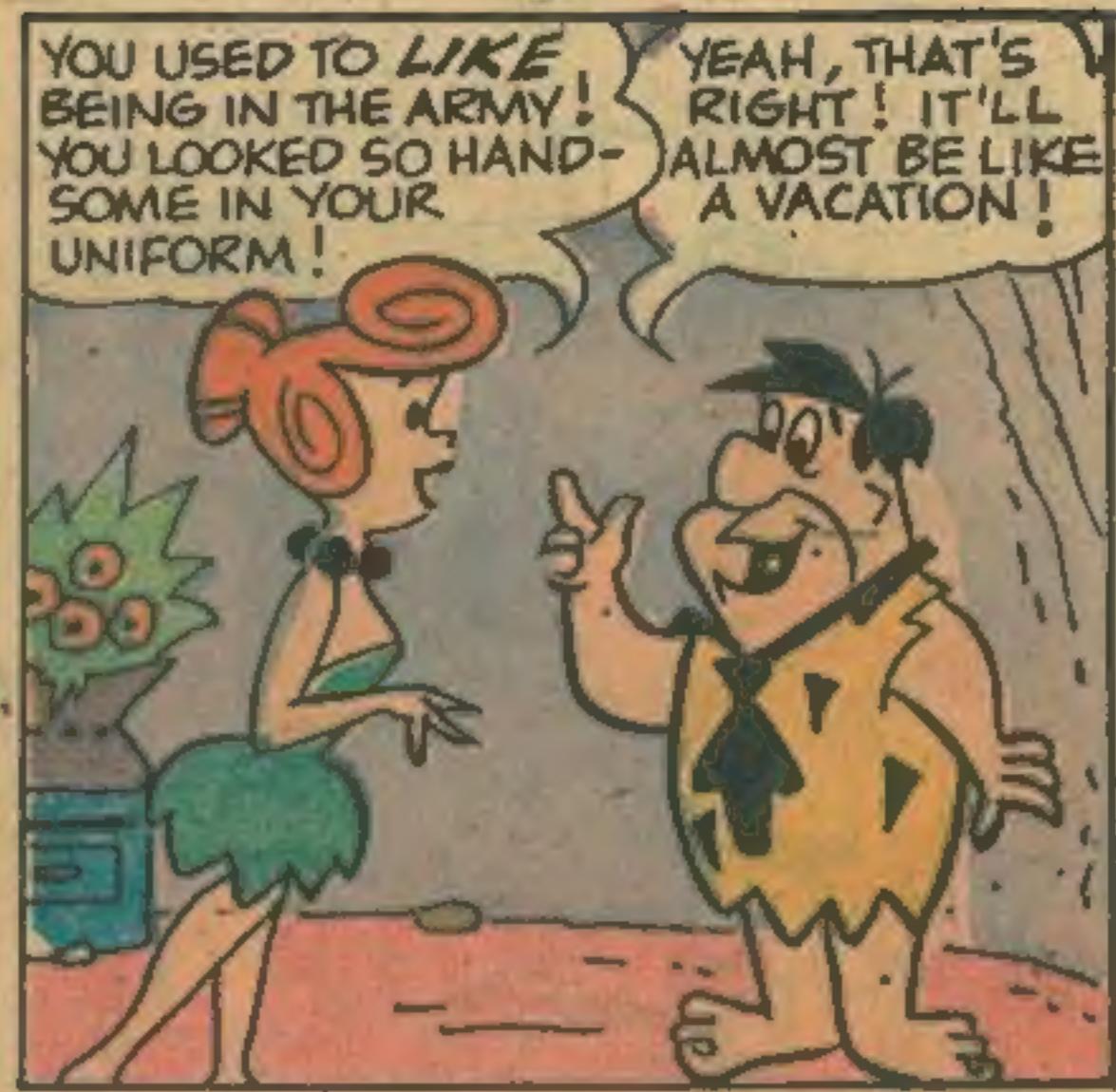
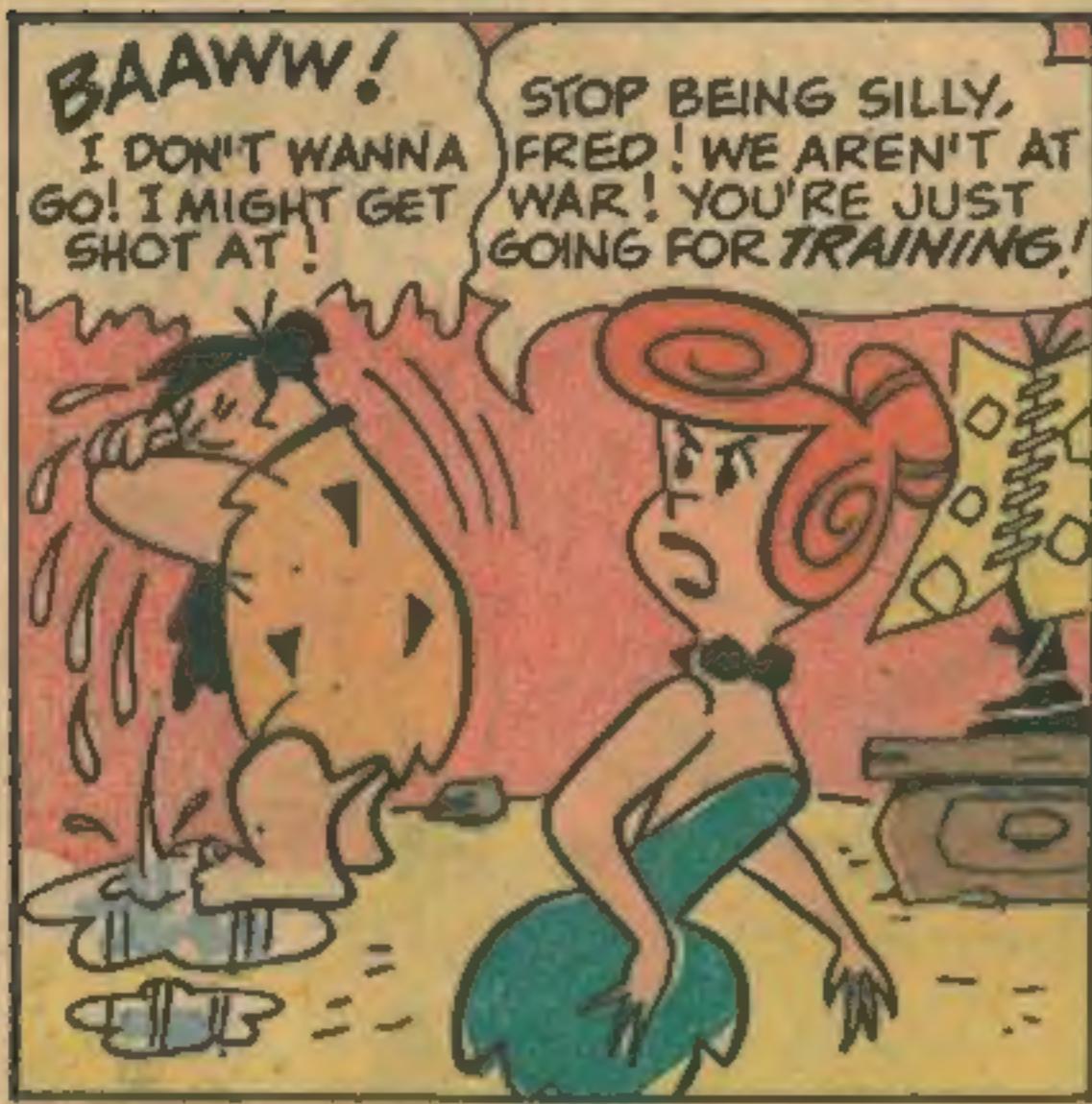
RAY DIEGO / JOE GILL

FRED, YOU'VE GOT
A LETTER HERE
FROM ARMY
RESERVE
HEADQUARTERS!

YEAH, WILMA, I...
**I'VE GOT A
WHAT?!**

OH, NO! THEY'RE
RECALLIN' **ME** TO
ACTIVE DUTY TOO!!

HOHOHO
HAHAHA
HOHOHO



FLINTSTONE AN' RUBBLE REPORTIN'
FOR DUTY, SERGEANT! WHERE'S
OUR TENT?



RIGHT
HERE!



C'MON, FRED, LET'S PUT UP OUR TENT! IT'LL BE TIME FOR CHOW SOON!

YEAH,
CHOW!

STRETCH THE CANVAS
SO IT WON'T LEAK,
SHORTY! THAT'S IT...



ULLP!

WHAAP

THIS HERE TRAY IS ALREADY
FIXED..MUST BE FOR SOMEBODY
SPECIAL!

YUUCCHH!
WOTTA MESS





TELL FLINTSTONE TA QUIT PLAYIN' GAMES
AND HIT THE SACK! WE'RE GONNA
HAVE A BIG DAY TOMORROW!!

Y-YEAH,
OKAY!

I CAN'T STAND IT!
I'M GONNA GET OUTA
THIS, SHORTY!

THERE'S A LEAK!
I'M GETTN' ALL
WET!

MORBOY, I CAN'T WAIT FOR
BREAKFAST! I LIKE ARMY
CHOW, DONIT
YOU, FRED?

AAAHHH-
CHOOO!!

HURRY
UP,
FRED!

THUD

MESS
TENT

I CAN'T STAND RESERVES WHO
PRETEND THEY'RE SICK OR
INJURED SO THEY CAN GOOF OFF!

UH, FREDDIE?
GET UP, FREDDIE!

STAND UP LIKE
A MAN!

Aaahh-
choo!

THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR,
BUDDY-BOY! WHEN THE DOC TAKES
ONE LOOK AT ME, THEY'LL SHIP ME
RIGHT HOME!

SAY AAHH,
SOLDIER!

Aaaaahhh

TWO WHITE PILLS, TWO
BROWN PILLS AND ONE
PINK PILL SHOULD
CURE IT!

OKAY,
DOC!

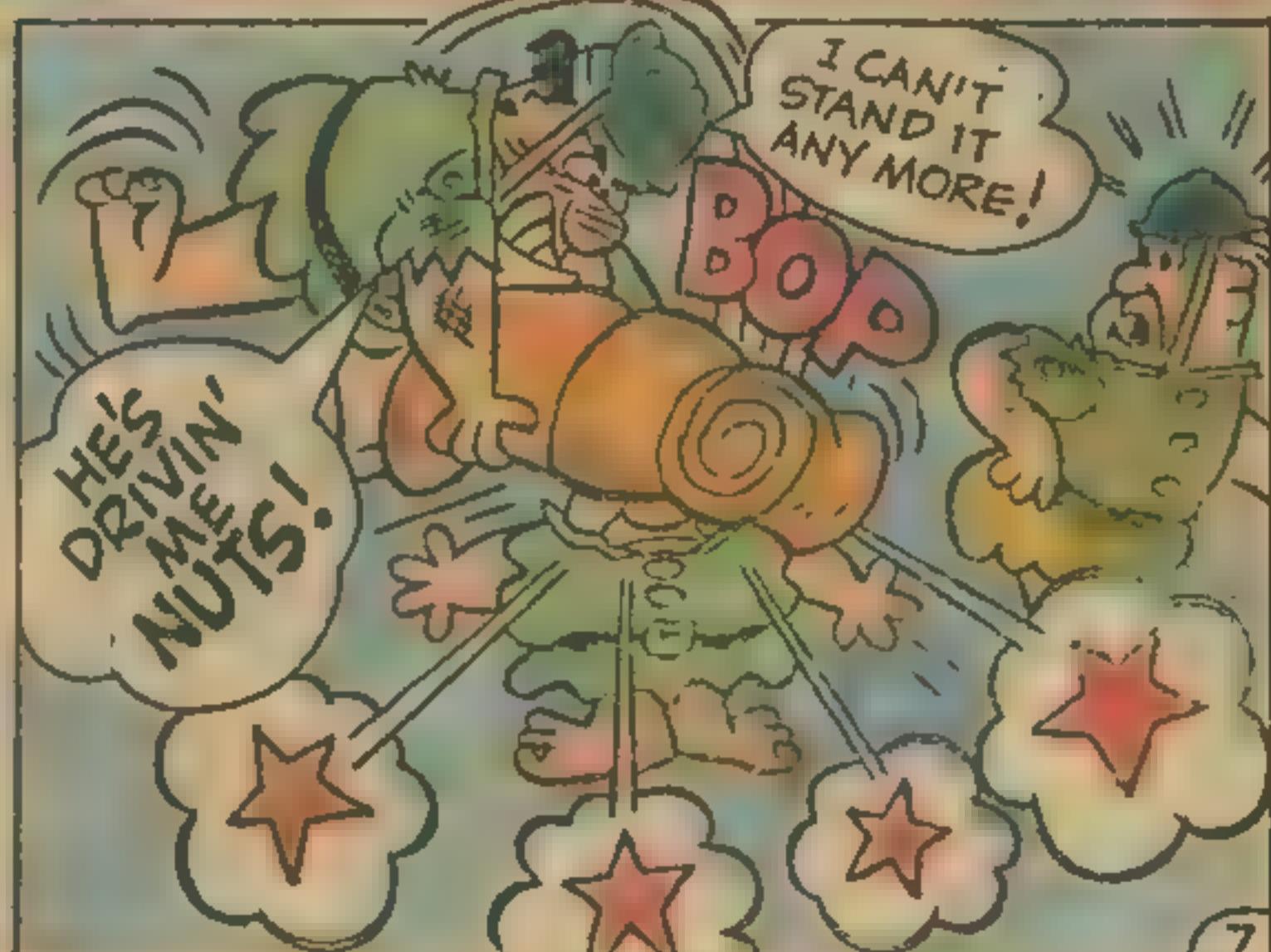
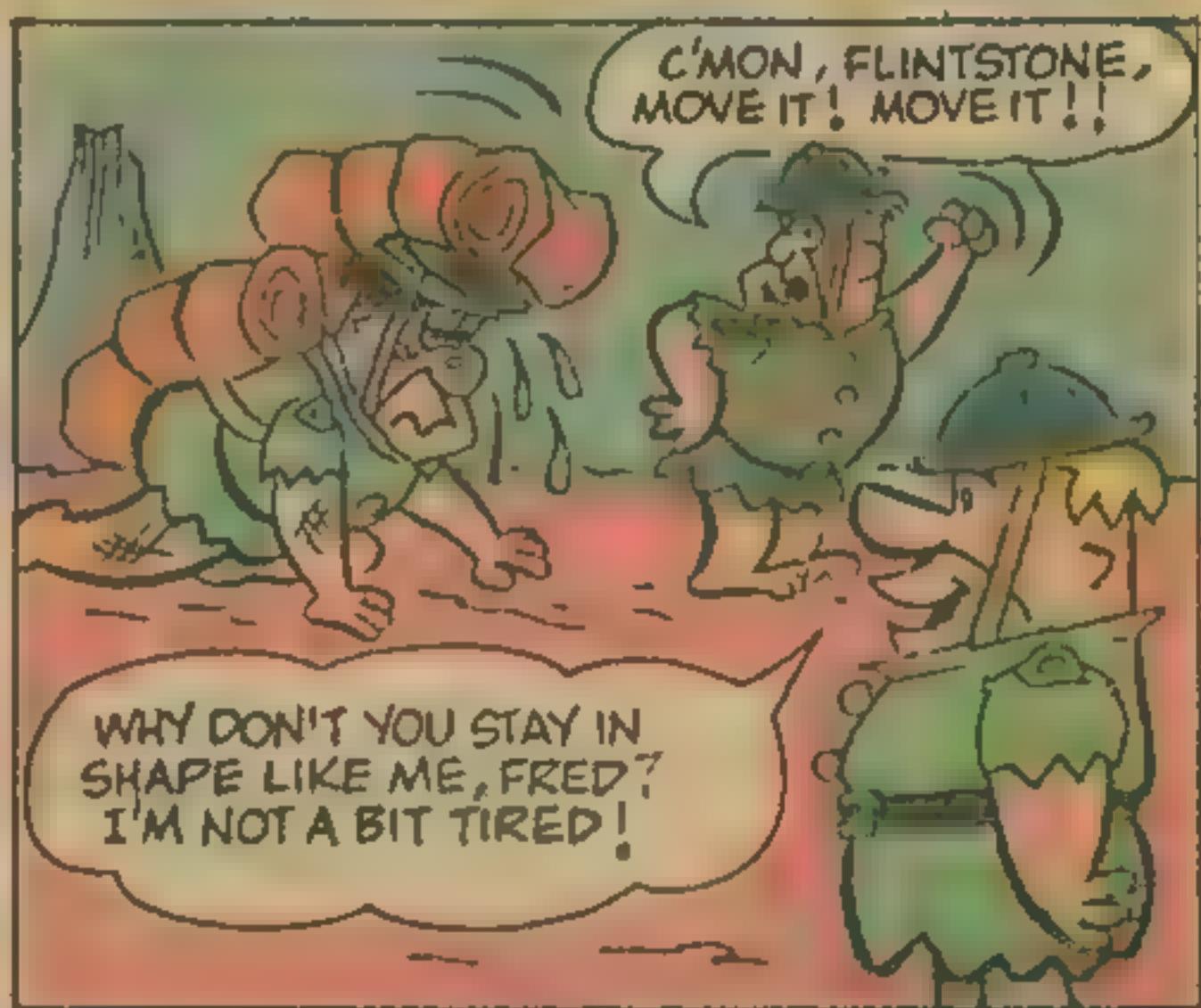
AIN'T THEM PILLS
FOR ME?

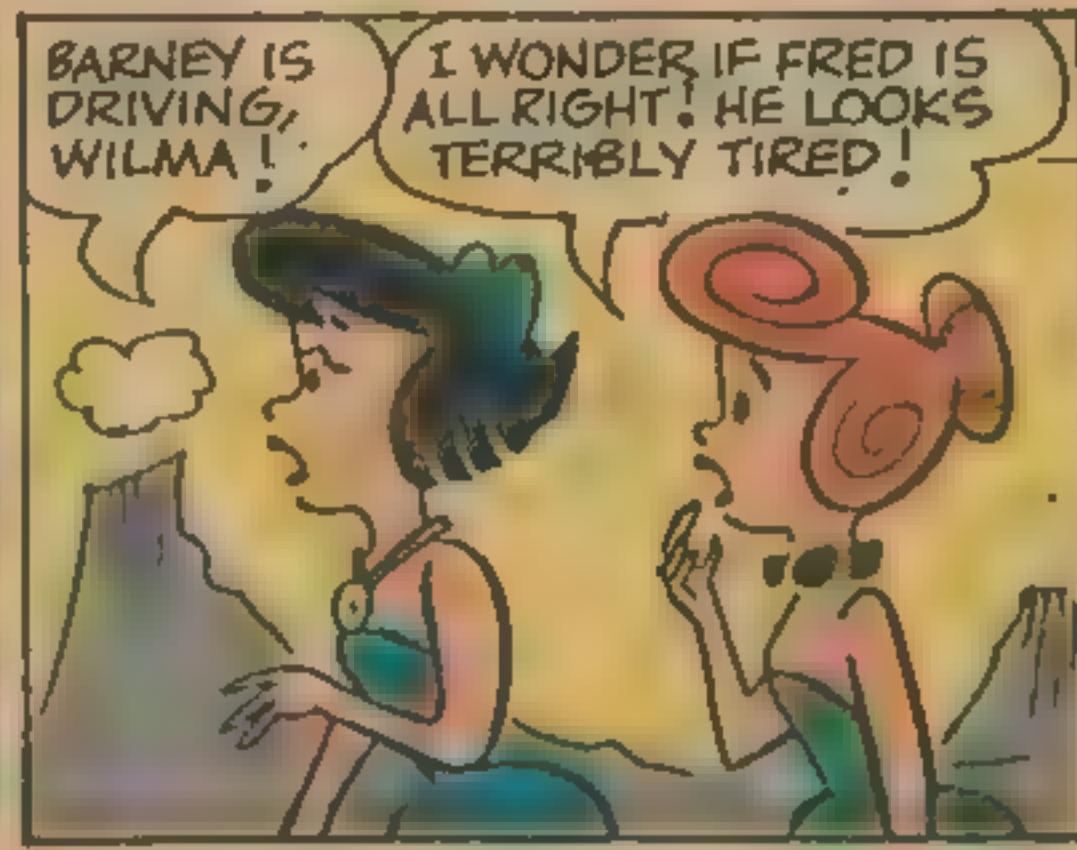
OF COURSE
NOT!
GULP!

UH, I GOT THIS
HANG-NAIL,
DOC!

TSK TSK!
TERRIBLE,
TERRIBLE!

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The FLINTSTONES

THE PEBBLES

MAKE A SPLASH

A Hanna-Barbera Production

WATCH ME DO A TRIPLE
BACK AND FORTH SOMERSAULT.
WITH A REVERSE TWIST!

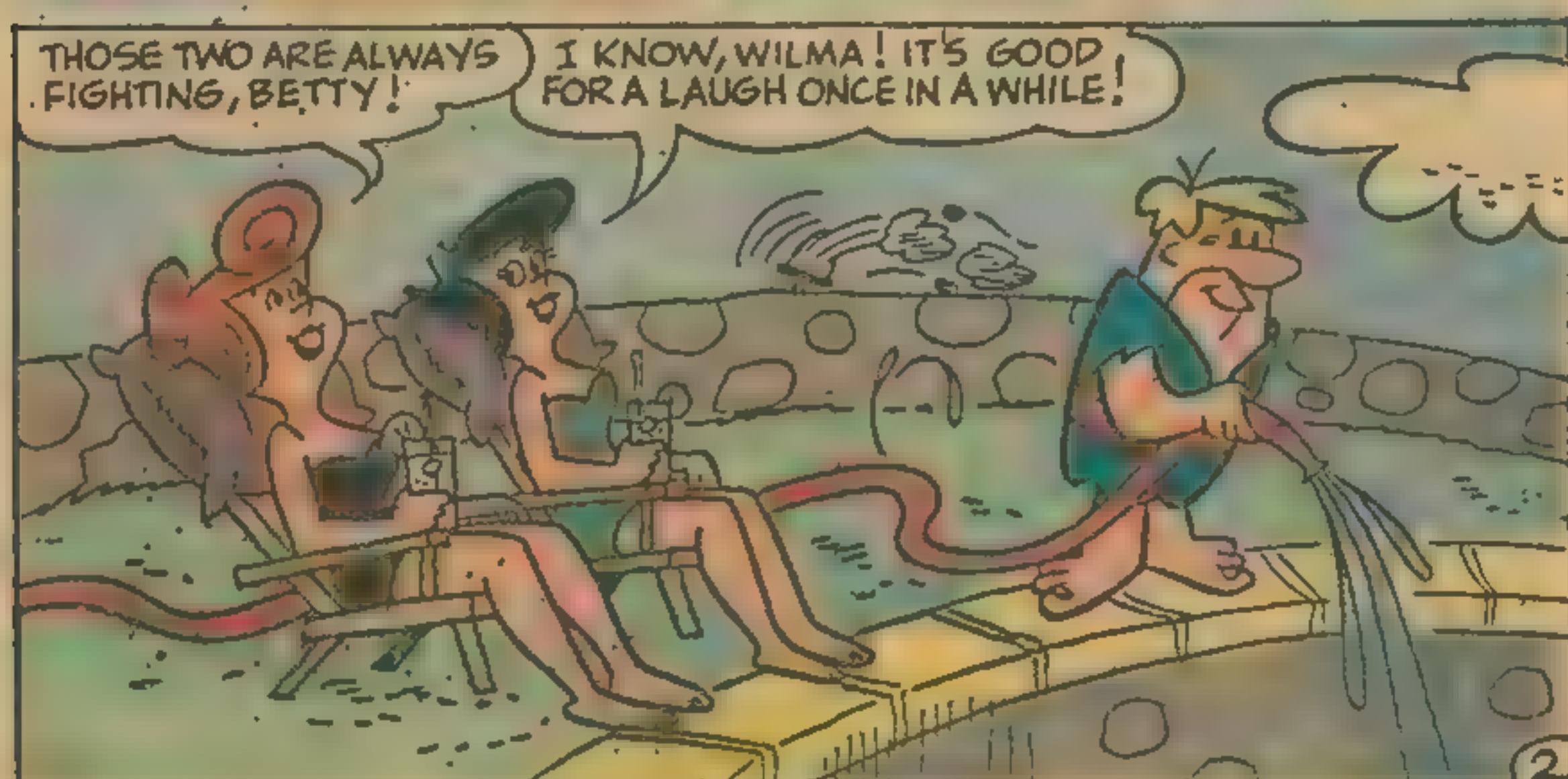
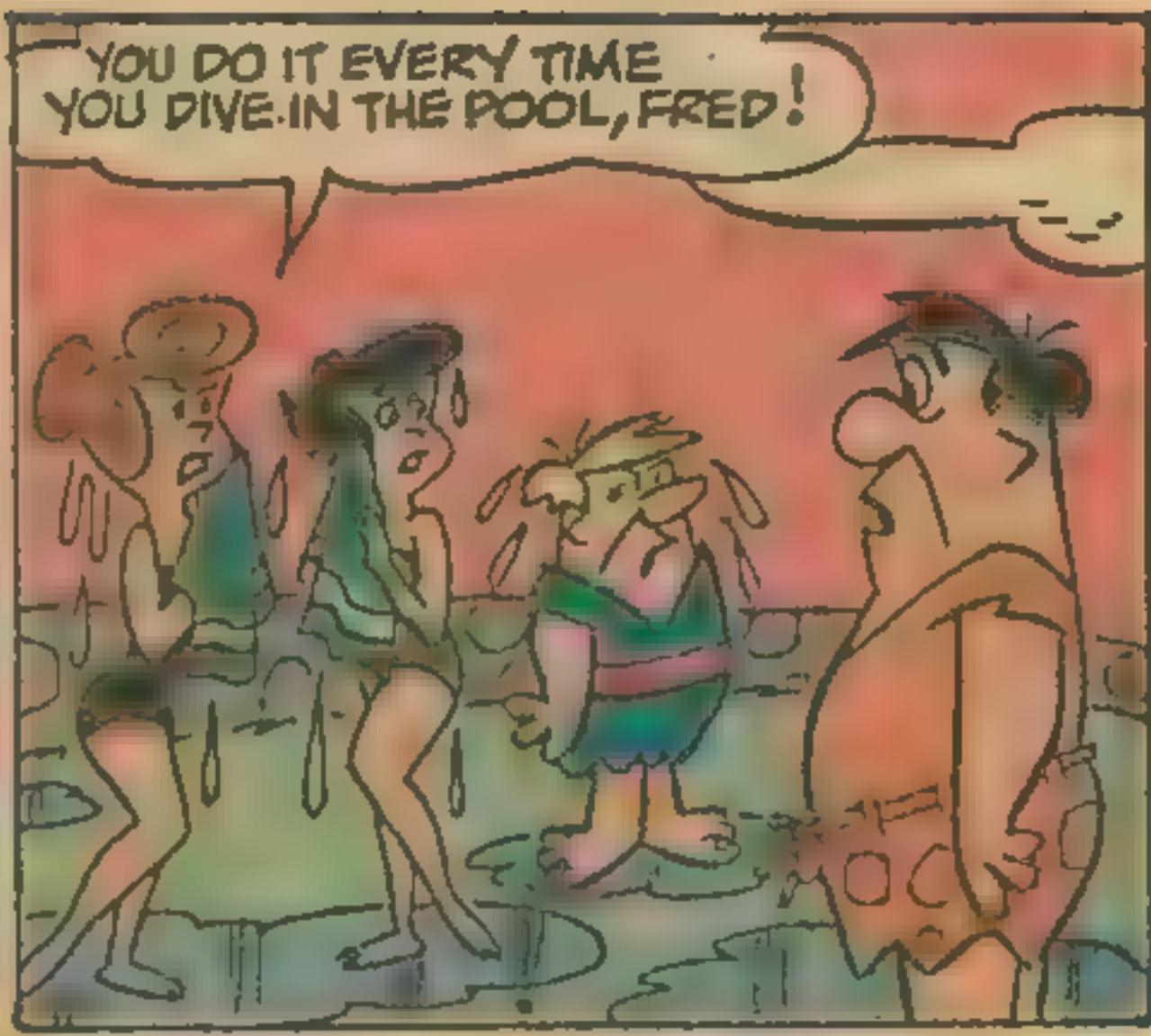
UH OH!

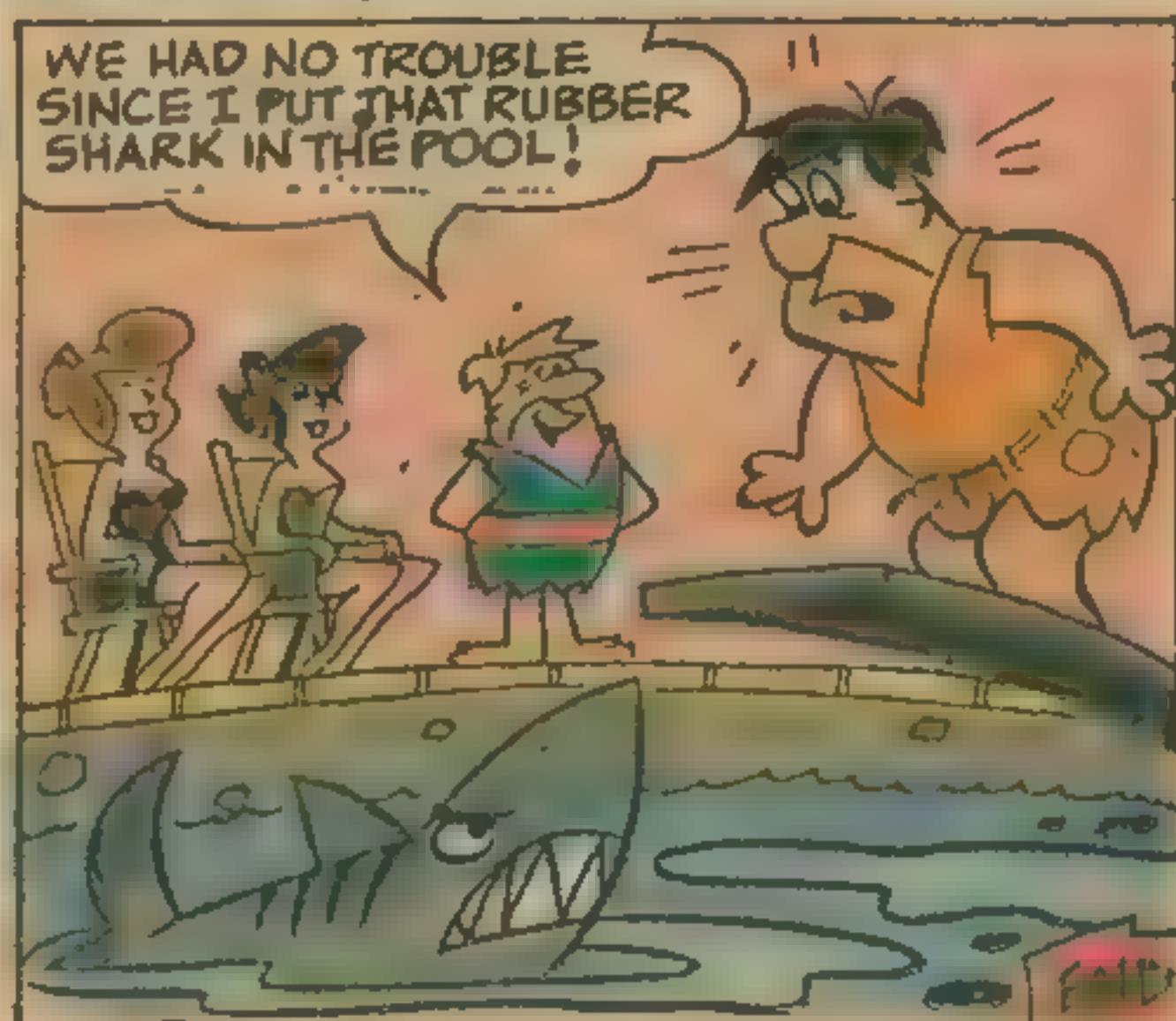
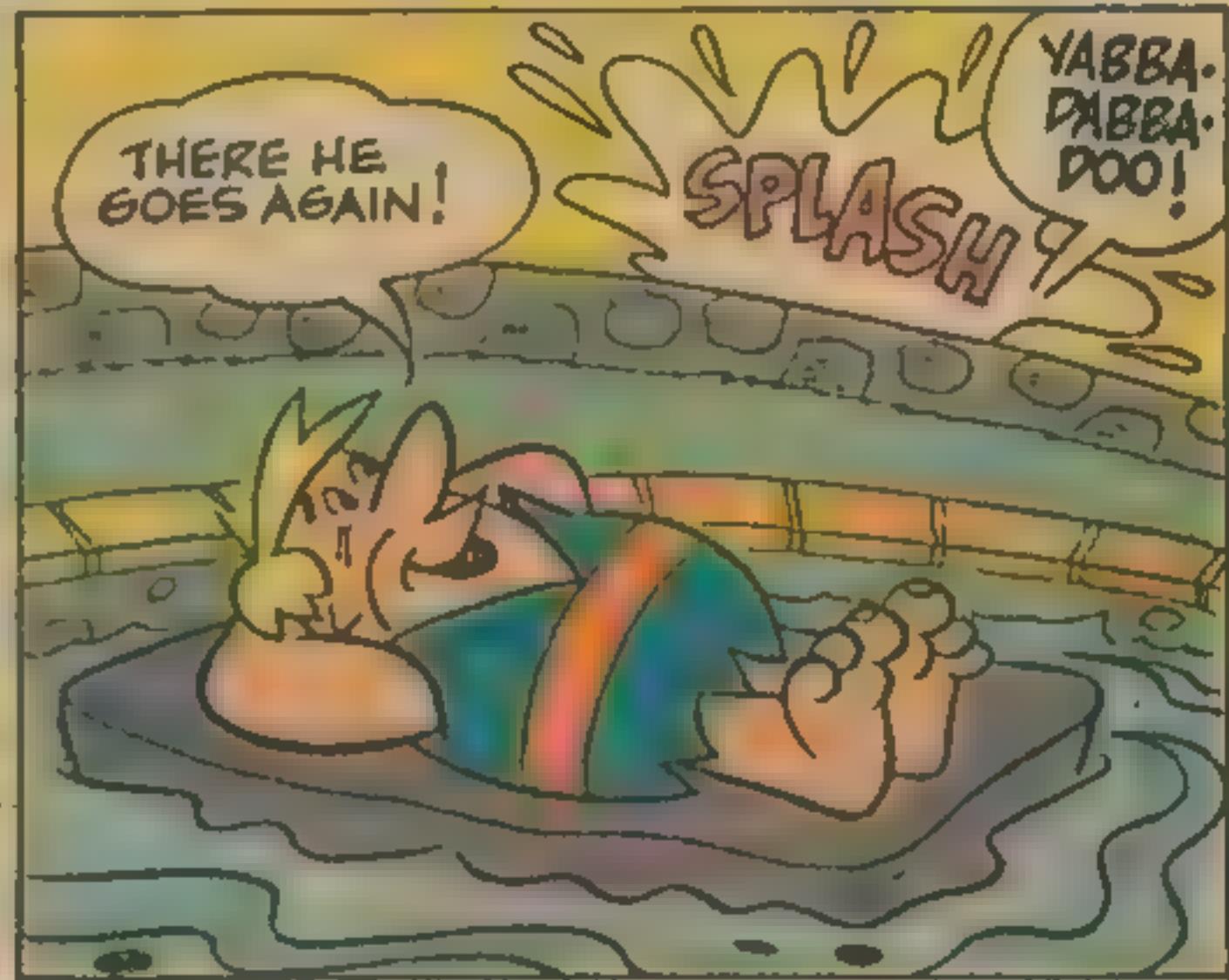
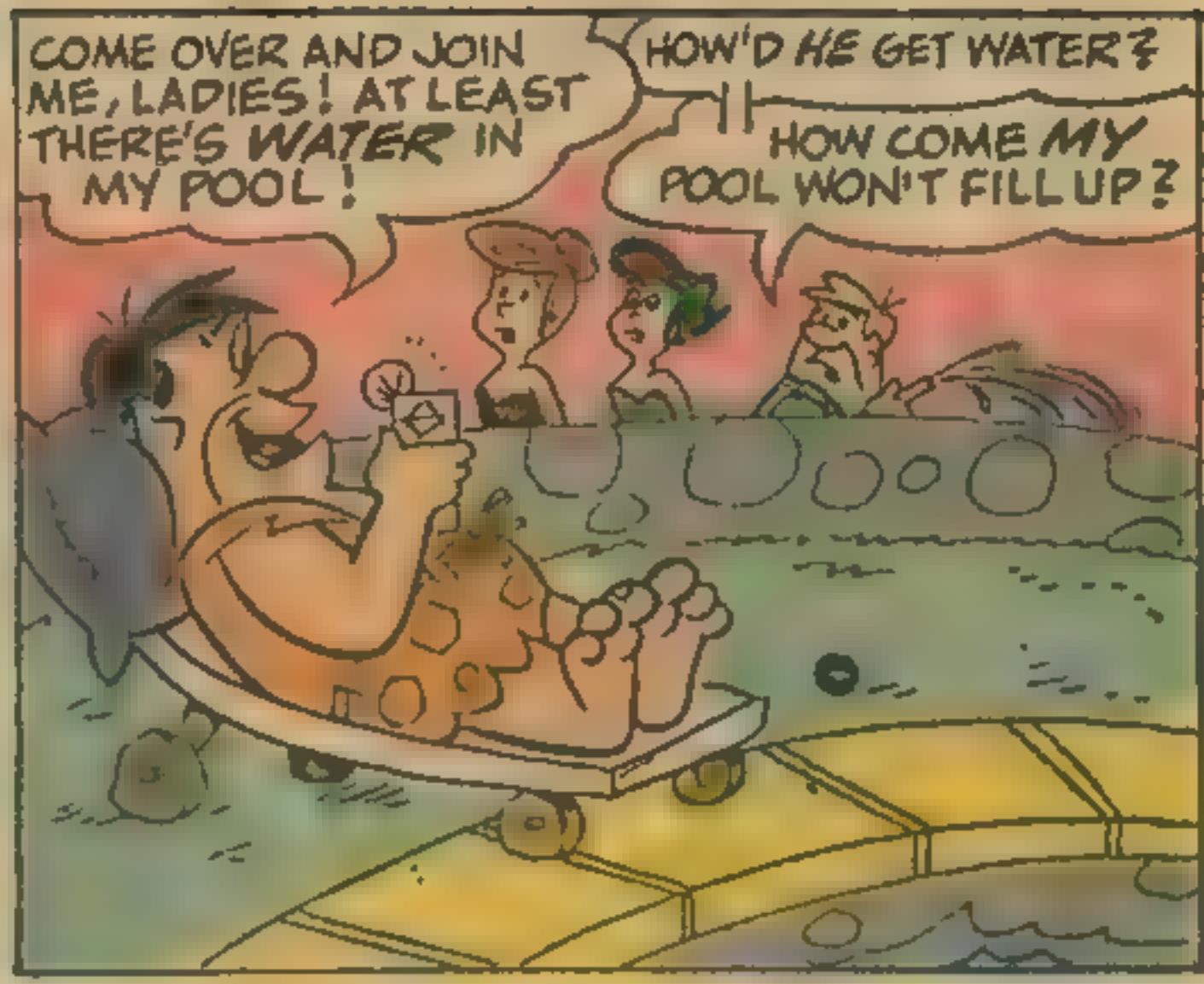
SPLASHING

D-6491

RAY D'URSO / JOE GILL





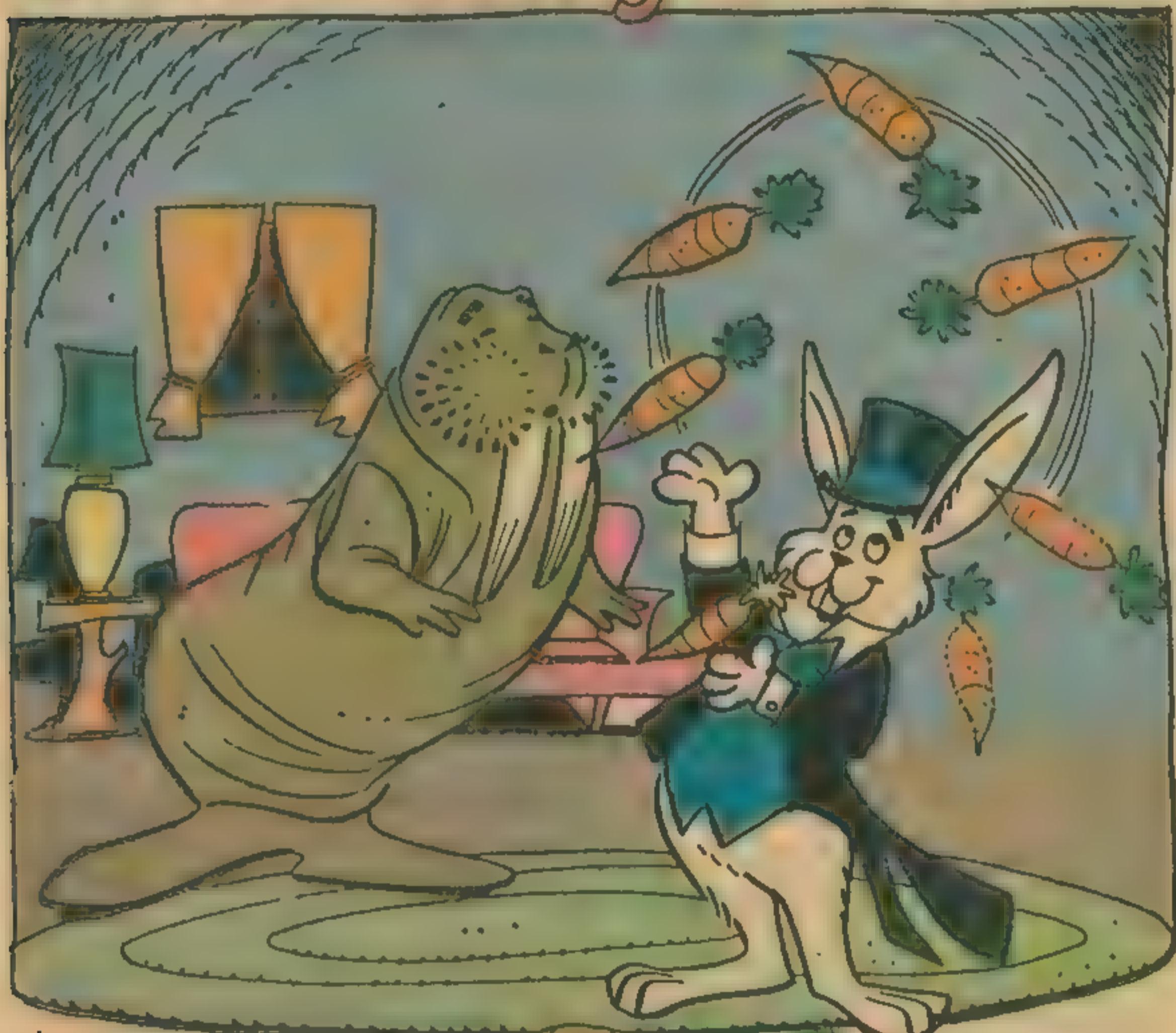


The JETSONS THE RIDDLE

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
IS THERE A MONSTER
ON SATURN WITH
TWO HEADS, BIG
TEETH, AND FOUR
BIG ARMS AND
DOES HE **BITE**,
ELROY! WHAT
KIND OF A
QUESTION IS
THAT?



The Daring Dash-



STORY:
MICHAEL PELLWSKI
ART:
BILL WILLIAMS

One night, Max the magic rabbit magician, was in his hollow log apartment practicing his tricks. Max had to practice all the time. He always had trouble doing tricks the right way. Sometimes his tricks worked. Sometimes they flopped worse than an undernourished rabbit's weak ears. Max had wished on a magic star and it had give him the power to perform real magic. The problem was that he never knew when his real magic was going to work. He always had to practice make-believe magic tricks in case his real magic refused to work at show time.

"Are you still making rubber carrots appear and disappear?" asked Waldo the Walrus, Max's friend, roommate and stage announcer. Waldo was in the other room eating chocolate covered fish icepops and

watching the Merry Moose show on animal T.V. "One of us has to practice to make sure our act is good. Practice makes perfect," answered Max as he snapped his fingers and made an orange colored rubber carrot disappear up his sleeve. "You practice enough for both of us," replied Waldo.

Suddenly, Waldo heard a strange sound outside in the woods. Waldo's blubber began to tremble as he heard loud howls echoing from out of the dark forest. "Howl!! ... Howl!! ..." echoed the mysterious, spooky noises. The eerie howling sent chills up and down Waldo's spine. "Would you please turn down the T.V. set, Waldo," said Max from the other room. "You shouldn't be watching those vampire-bat, speak movies anyway. Horror movies always make you have

nightmares!" added Max. "I'm not watching T.V." answered Waldo. "That noise is coming from the woods," added the frightened Walrus as he dove under the couch.

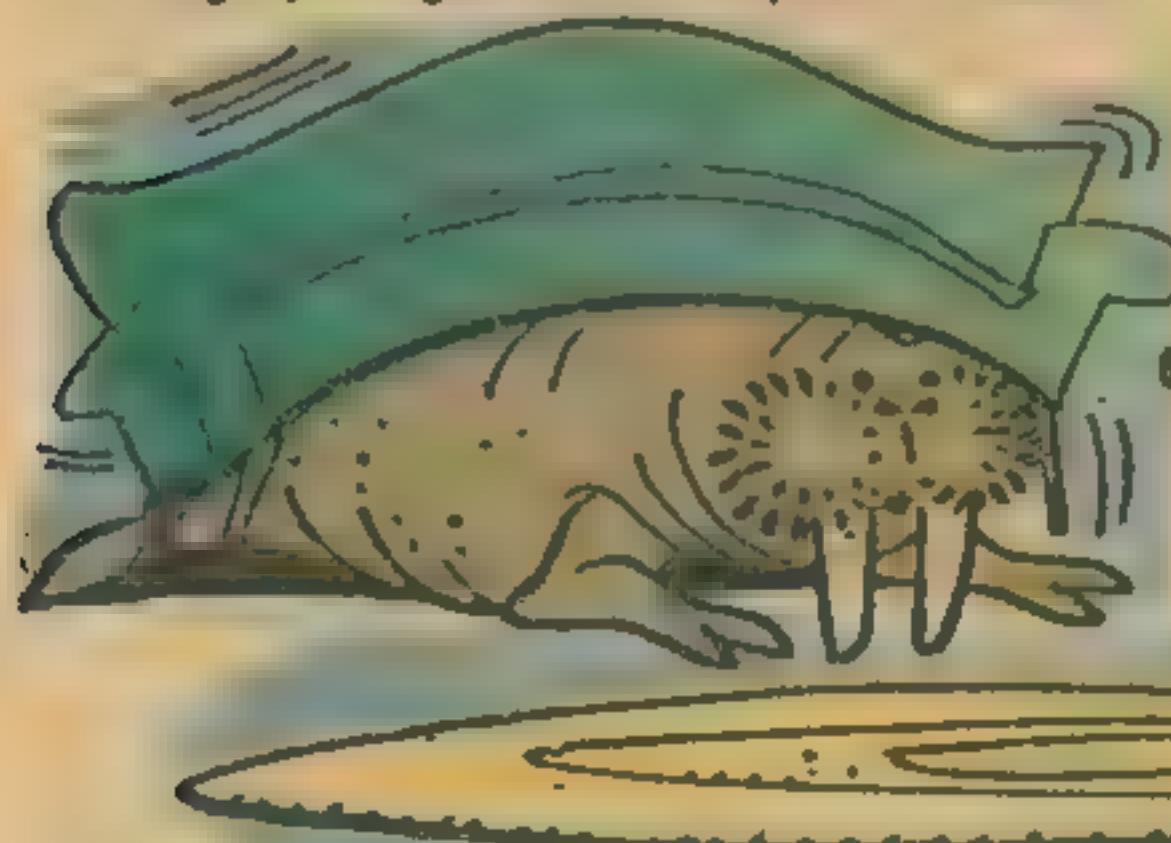
Just then there was a knock at Max's front door. "Don't answer it!" advised Waldo from his hiding place under the sofa. Max shook his head in disgust. Sometimes Waldo was afraid of his own shadow. Max, the magic rabbit, opened the door. He found Mr. Owl, the Mayor of Animalville, standing on his



doorstep. "We are all in terrible danger," said Mr. Owl as he rushed inside the log house.

Max quickly closed the door behind him. Max could hear that the howling outside was getting louder. Mr. Owl took off his glasses and waved a quick hello to Waldo who was shivering under the couch. "A pack of hungry wolves has come down from the timber country. They are in the woods now. A night owl cousin of mine saw them," explained the nervous owl. "The wolf pack is getting very close to Animalville. Do you realize what will happen if they find us?" asked Mr. Owl.

"It will be like a Sunday afternoon picnic — and we'll all be the picnic lunch!" answered Waldo. Max and the Mayor nodded in agreement over Waldo's statement. If the wolves found Animalville, the results would be disastrous. "Since you have magic powers, we thought you might be able to stop them," said the



Mayor to Max. "I'll see what I can do!" answered Max as he picked up his magic wand. "Be careful!" called Waldo as Max hopped out the door.

Max hopped off into the woods towards the howling sounds which were getting louder. It wasn't long before he saw the pack of hungry wolves. What was worse; they saw him too! "Presto-Changol Make the wolves as gentle as lamb!" said Max as he pointed his magic wand at the hungry pack. The wand made a puff of smoke appear but nothing else happened. His magic had picked the wrong time not to work. The wolves saw Max and charged. "They think I'm their midnight snack!" yelled Max. He started running as

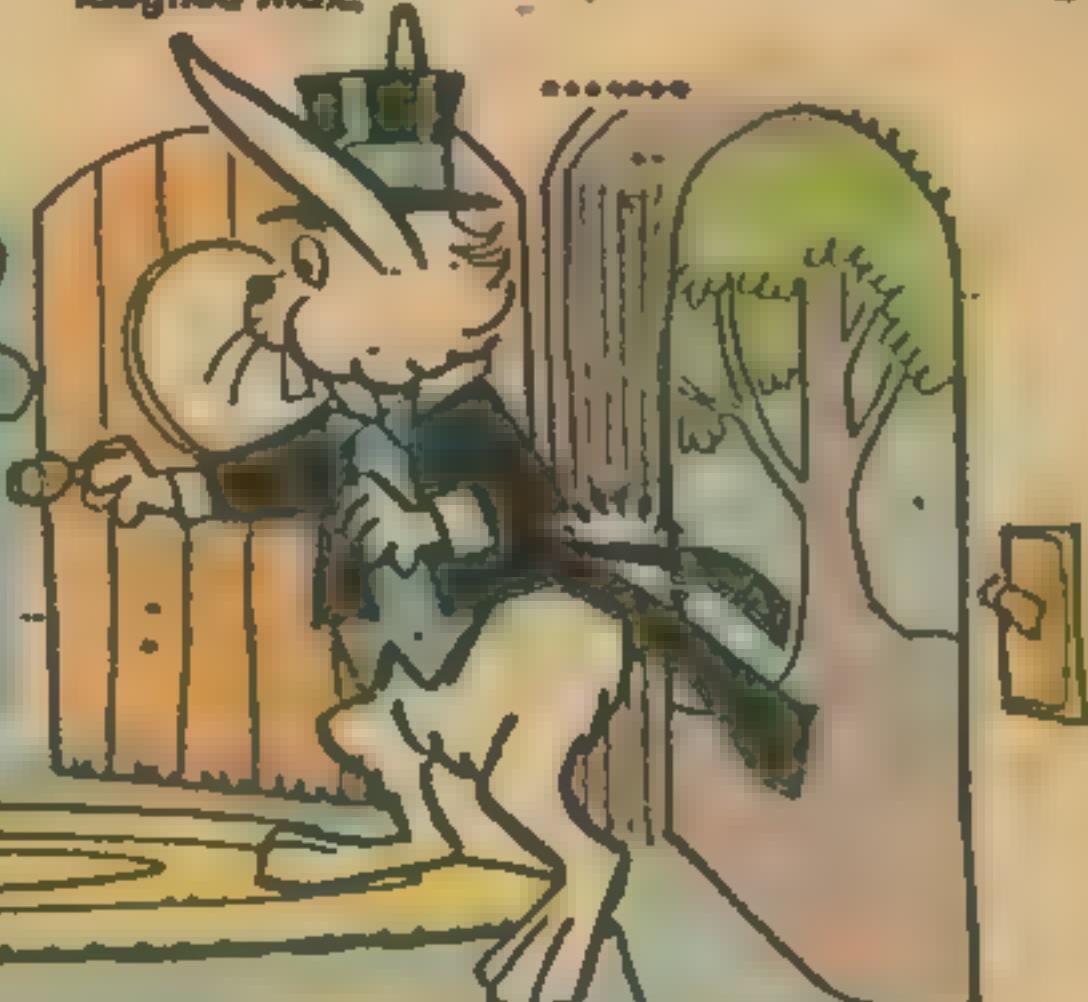


fast as he could.

He led the snarling pack away from Animalville and into the deep woods. Max was easily keeping ahead of the trailing pack but he was getting tired. Soon, he would be caught. Suddenly, he got an idea. "I hope this works!" he said as he tapped himself on the head with his magic wand. There was a flash of lightning. When the smoke cleared there were twenty magic rabbits hopping away instead of only one Max.

All of the false Maxes hopped away into the woods while the real Max hid in a berry bush. The wolves separated and each one chased an illusion deep into the woods. Animalville was safe. Max crawled out of the bushes and hopped towards home. "I wonder if Waldo is still under the couch?" he muttered.

When Max got home, he opened the front door. He looked at the sofa and saw that it was still trembling like a volcano was under it. "Yep! He's still there!" laughed Max.



The
FLINTSTONES
FRED FLINTSTONE & WILMA FLINTSTONE

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You're Driving Me Crazy

FRED, YOU'RE GOING
TOO FAST AND YOU'RE
HITTING EVERY BUMP
IN THE ROAD!

YABBA-DABBA-
DOOO!!

D-6696

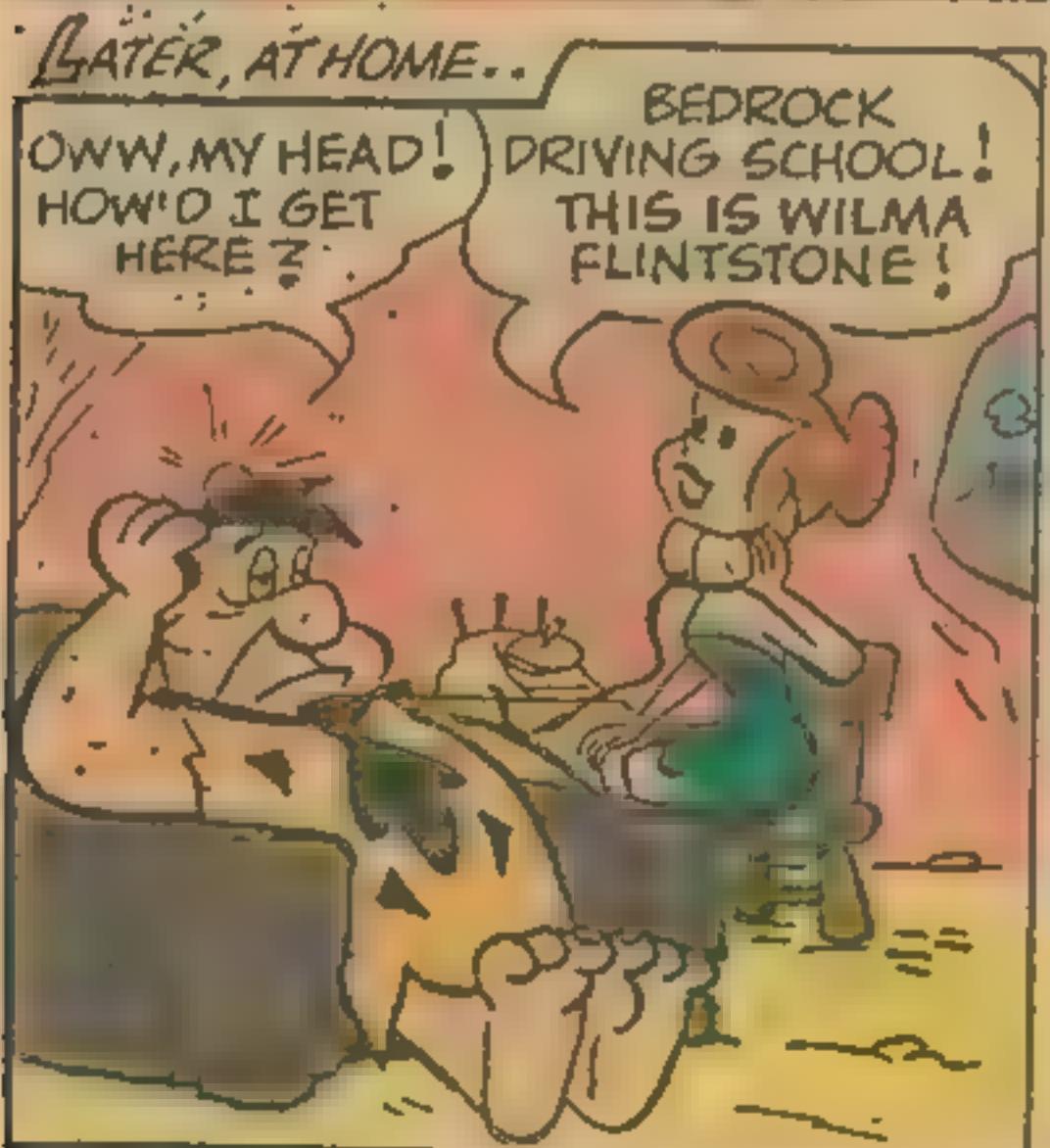
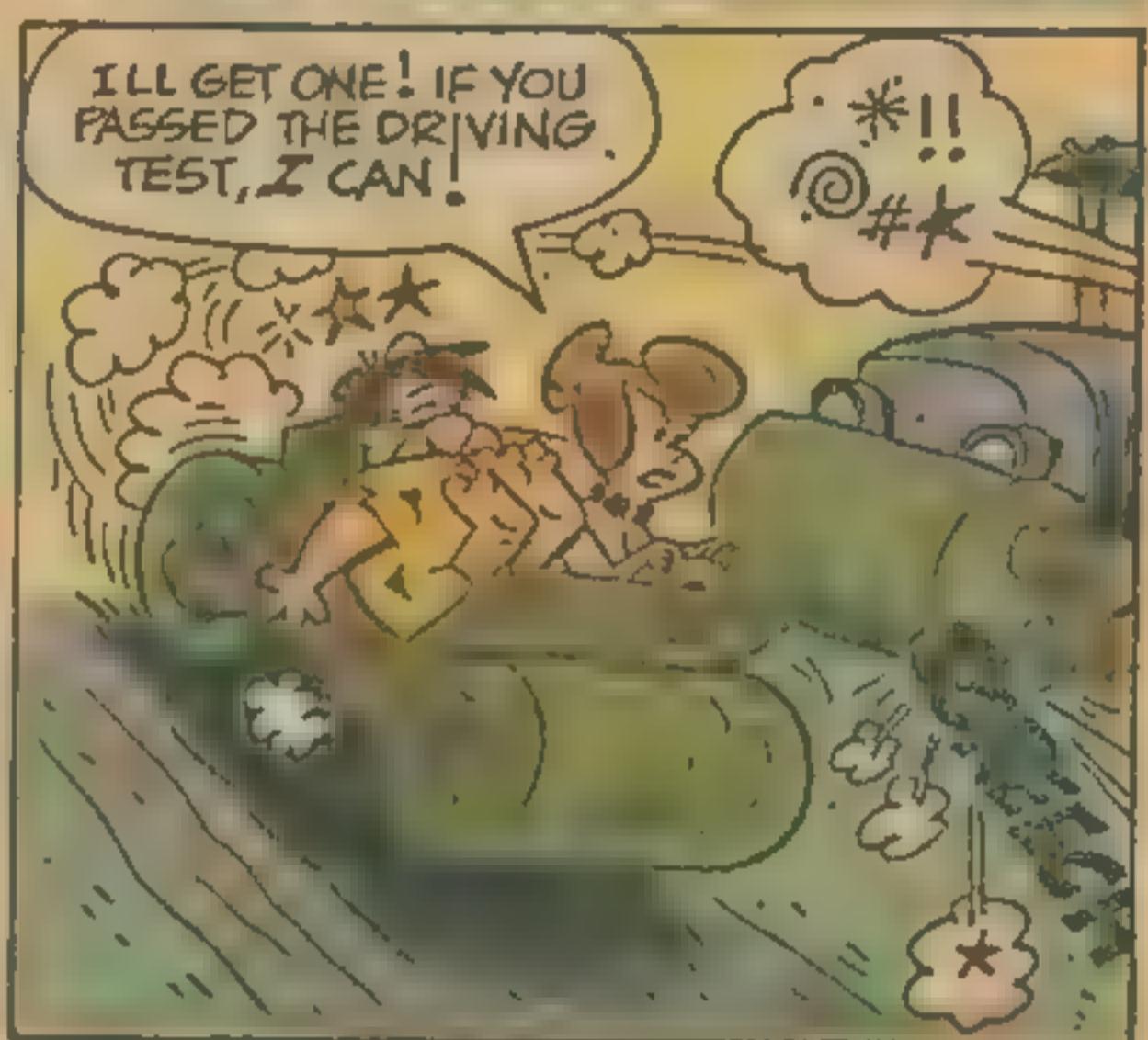
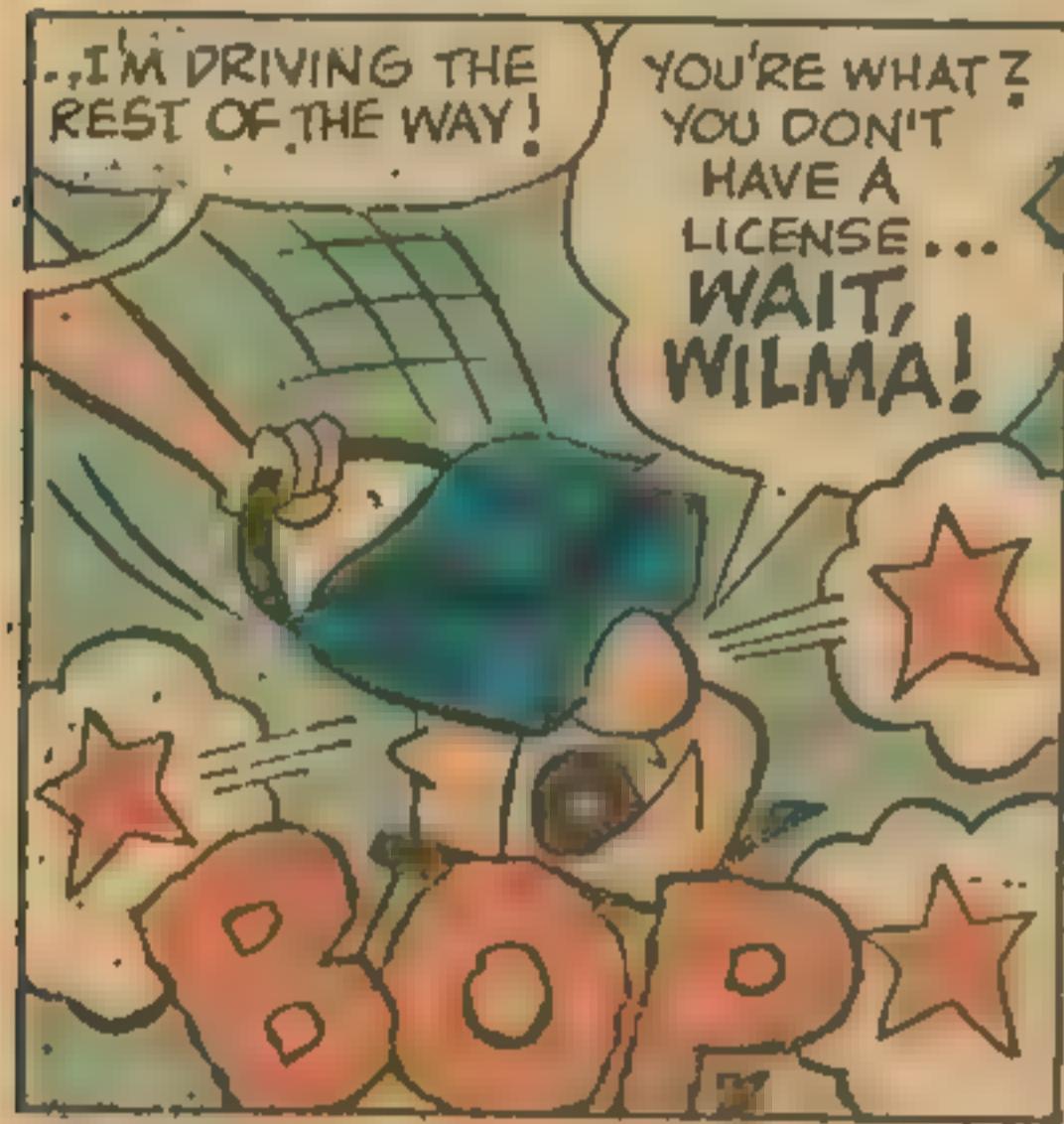
MAY 1962
K. GILL

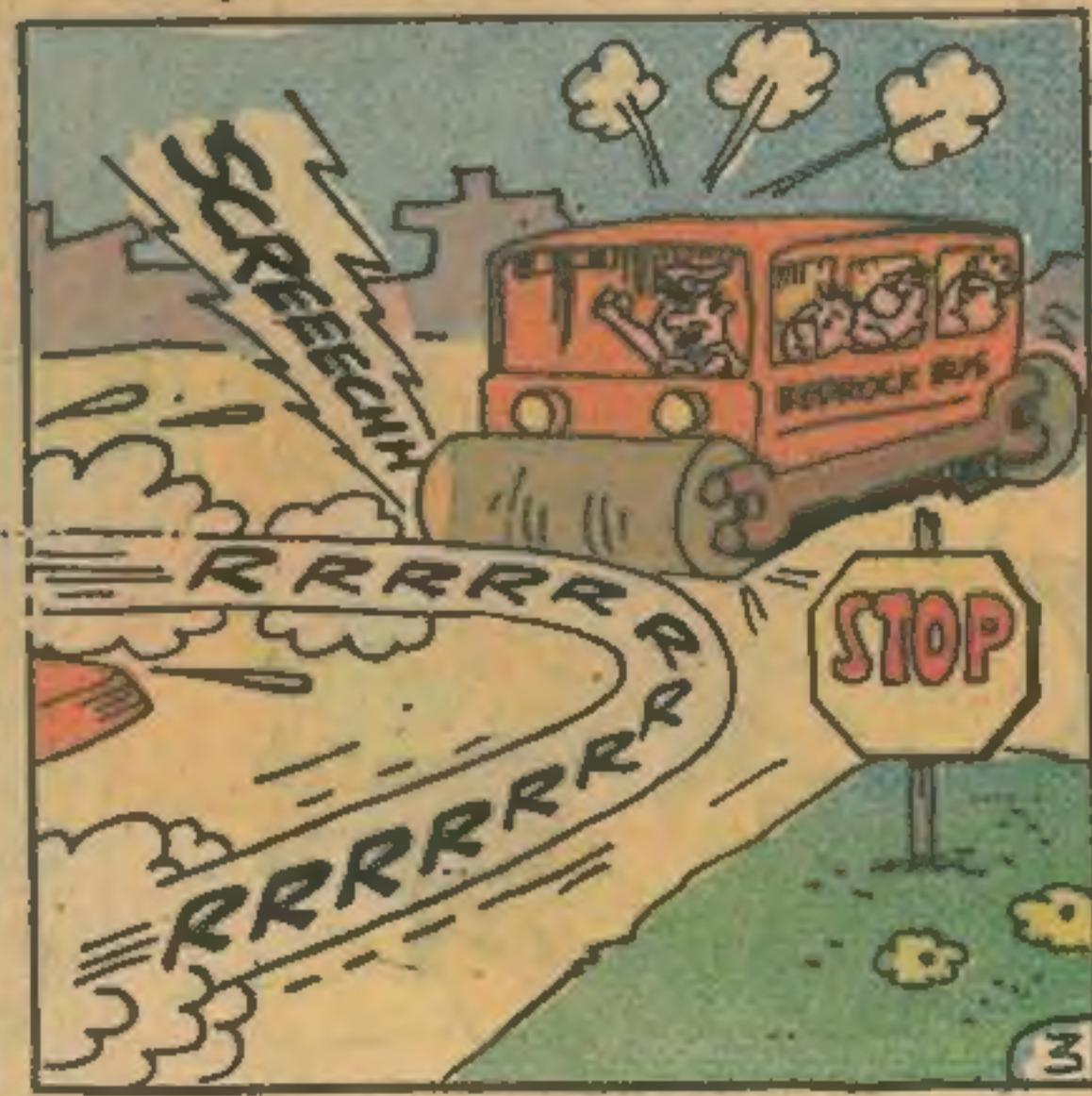
FRED FLINTSTONE,
STOP THIS CAR
RIGHT NOW!

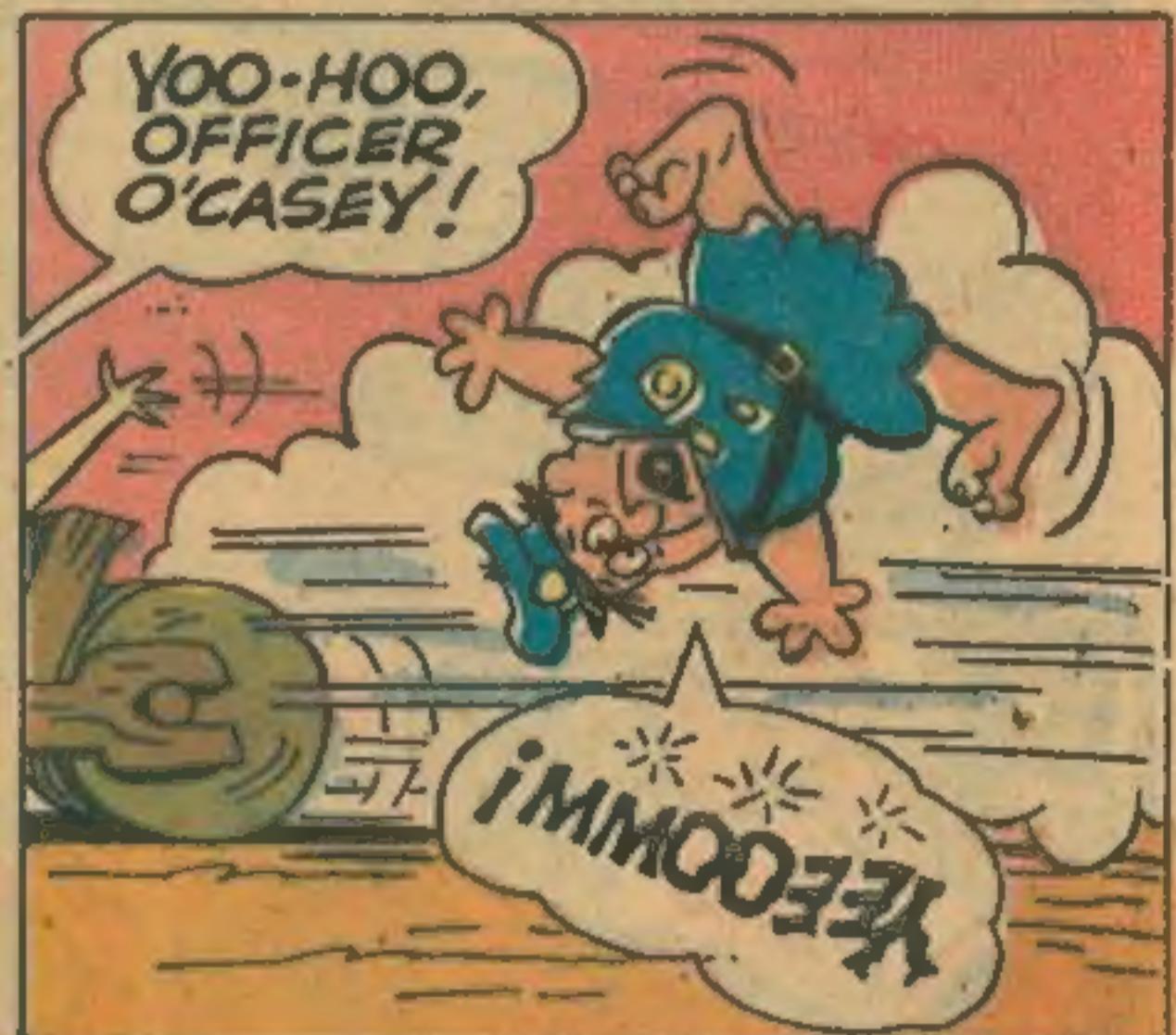
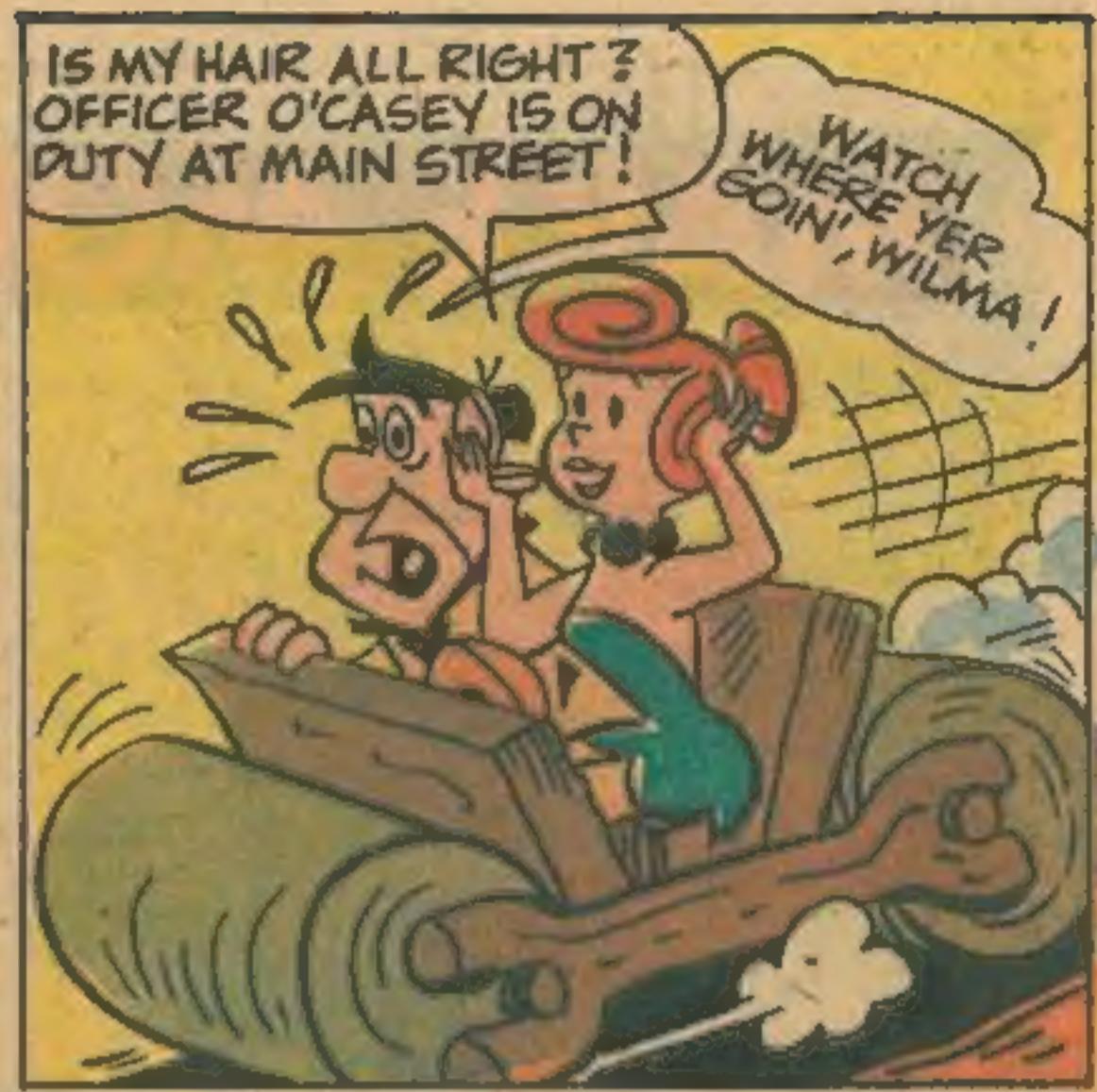
WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
BABY DOLL!

HOWZAT,
WILMA?

1







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The FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

• Hanna-Barbera
Production

Late Again!

THERE'S FLINTSTONE
AND RUBBLE COMING
TO WORK LATE AGAIN!

THEY'RE NOT
THE ONLY ONES
COMING IN
LATE . . . IT'S
EVERYONE!



I CAN'T FIRE
THEM ALL . . .
HOW CAN I . . .

... I
GOT IT . . .



BULLETIN BOARD

TACK
TACK



TIN

I will offer
\$100 to
anyone who
can solve the
problem of
employees
coming to
work late.
Slate

I'M A
GENIUS!

OFFICE



I HAVE THE SOLUTION, BOSS!
LET THE LAST MAN TO WORK
BLOW THE WHISTLE, THEN NO . . .



CRABBY
OLD MAN!

END